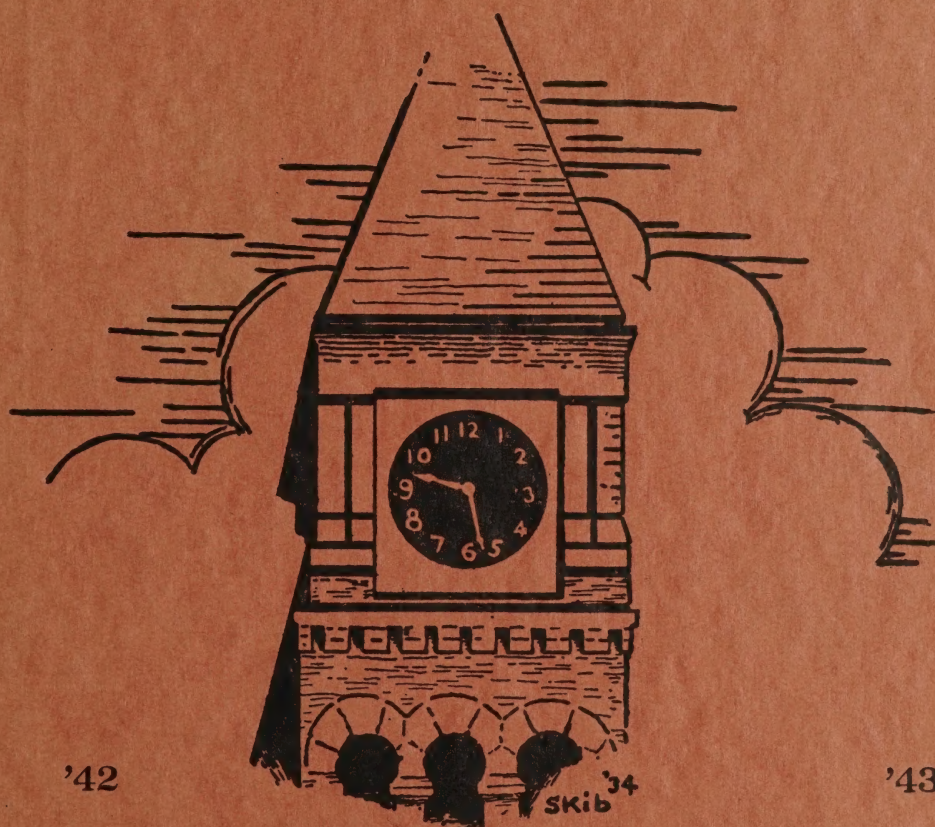


# The Pinkerton Critic



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# The Pinkerton Critic

Published by the Students of  
Pinkerton Academy Derry, N. H.

DECEMBER, 1942

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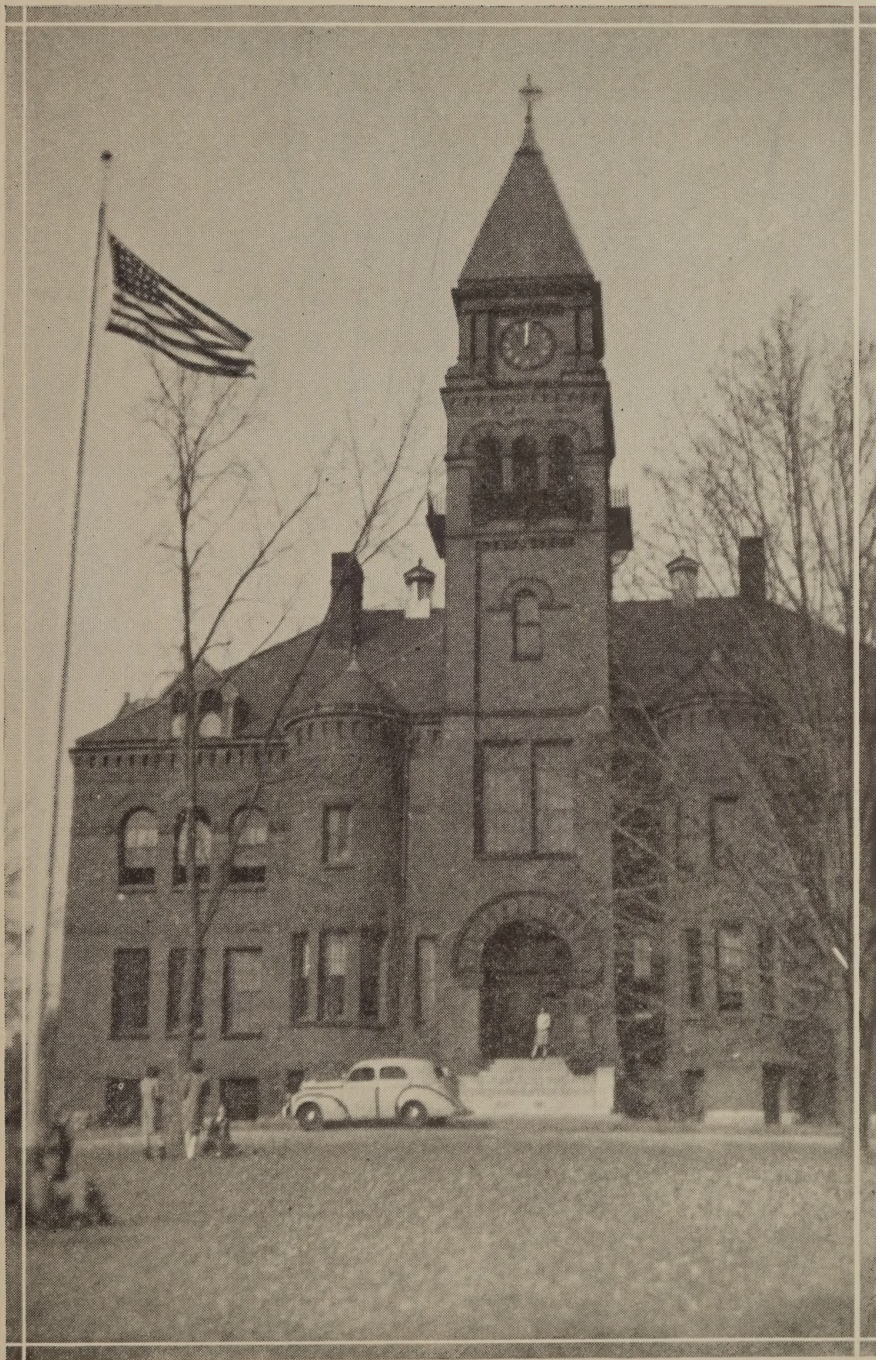
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### PINKERTON

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Oh, Pinkerton, we sing in thy dear name ;  
Thy halls resound with echoes of the great,  
Who, before their sojourn in the paths of fame,  
Paused to lift their voices at thy gate.

'Tis many a year that thou hast held thy ground.  
'Tis many a youth who thy shaded walks hath trod ;  
Who, through their learning years with thee hath found,  
Thy principles are laid alone by God.


Have not our years with thee been more than years ?  
Have not the lessons learned here been worth while ?  
We've found our joys with thee, and shed our tears,  
But over all of this—we've sent our smiles.

So, Pinkerton, we'll make thy song our song ;  
No matter what becomes of us, we know  
Thy walls will stand against the noisy throng ;  
Thou art a friend through joy, a friend through woe.

Barbara Joslyn '43



# EDITORIAL



## PINKERTON ACADEMY

"O Pinkerton, our heart's shrine  
Shelters the red and the white;  
Pledge we to lift thine ensign  
For truth and for the right.  
May nothing base and baneful  
Darken its radiant hem;  
May no dishonor shameful  
Stain its fair name to men!"

The verse above touches the hearts of all those connected with Pinkerton, but in many different ways. In the hearts of the Alumni, it renews fond memories; in the hearts of the students, it brings forth inspiration; and in the hearts of both these groups, it remains as a pledge to uphold the dreams and hopes of those who founded this institution.

Because the Academy means so much to so many people, we decided that this issue of the Critic should be planned to bring back to all these people anew the significance of Pinkerton in their lives, past, present, and future. We have brought together bits from the past issues of the Critic and added to those, contributions from our present student body, thus making this magazine a publication for all.

First of all, let's go into the past for a definition of what the name "Pinkerton" means. According to an accepted translation, the name can be separated into three parts; "pen," a hill; "caer," a fortified place, and "ton," a town. Placed together the words mean "a strong city set on a hill." A city, two and a half miles from Dunbar, England, where ruins of an ancient castle were found, was probably the earliest place to bear this name. After knowing what Pinkerton means, we can very easily understand why our Academy should be named thus, for it, too, is a "strong city set on a hill"

On December 4, 1815, exactly one year after the close of the War of 1812 with Great Britain, Pinkerton Academy began its work of educating young men and women.

It was only through the interests of such great people as the Pinkertons that this Academy came into existence. They founded this school "in which the youth of the land, in all coming years, might prepare themselves for success and usefulness in the great conflicts of life." Today, we are proud to say, our alumni are carrying out this purpose and proving that the hopes of this great family for the school were not in vain. It is needless to say that we cannot measure the debt we owe to the Pinkertons for their far-sighted beneficence.



A subject that caused a lot of controversy, when the plan was still in its formative period, was the location of the Academy. It was Major John Pinkerton who finally designated the spot on which it now stands.

"The Institution had on its Board of Trustees men of high and honorable positions in life." In the following quotation we find that the hope of these men was to establish an institution whose work would consist of "promoting piety and virtue, and of educating youth in science, languages, and liberal arts."

The influence and high rank of this institution can well be illustrated by this single fact. Within the space of six years, from 1833-1838, seven students, who had been fitted for college at the Academy, became instructors at Dartmouth College. Few academies can furnish a parallel to this record.

It is well-known to you that Pinkerton was originally a co-educational school. This arrangement continued until the opening of the Adams Female Academy in this town. It was then that Pinkerton became a boys' school and remained such until 1853 when it was again opened to both sexes.

The first building, which we now know as the Freshman Building, and the building housing our department of home economics, was erected in 1815. The building, which we now know as our main building, was erected in 1887 and contained an office, library, recitation rooms and a laboratory.

Bell Cottage, is the home of the principal. This home was named for Dr. Luther V. Bell, who built the house and practised medicine there for many years. Often this house is called the Bingham House, as well, for it was Mr. George W. Bingham, principal from 1885-1909, who willed the Academy the house in 1918.

The neighboring house is the home of the assistant principal. This house was formerly the home of Mrs. Clarissa Pinkerton Littell.

The Haynes House is the former home of the late Reverend and Mrs. Henry Harrison Haynes. This building is now used by the Home Economics Department.

The library is given more than the usual prominence. It is intended to be a "working library" and contains over 8000 volumes, to which additions are being made constantly. It is a successor to the very first circulating library in Londonderry, begun in 1790.

The students who came to this school in years past boarded at homes in Derry Village or at Hildreth Hall, which was named for Mr. Abel Hildreth, Esq., who was the principal here from 1819-1846.

Considering the strict rules of the Academy in past years is a thing of interest to all Pinkerton students. The Academy had definite rules concerning the attendance of church, the amount of studying done, and "the evening curfew." Imagine, if you can how such rules might affect Pinkerton students of today. For example, imagine an undefeated football season without a Victory dance!

This, then, is Pinkerton Academy, as it began, as it grew, and as we know it today. To all it has been a friend, leader, and strong supporter. "Wars and rumors of war" have never disturbed its peaceful stand on its hill, but many are young men and women, who, prepared and fortified by the learning acquired here, have gone on to fame and to victory. May Pinkerton Academy always be "a strong city set on a hill"!



# LITERARY



PINKERTON

Gladys Hoisington '45

On a hill, against the sky  
 Stands Pinkerton, most high.  
 It stands as a symbol of truth and unity  
 Among the people of this community.  
 For many years it has stood, each day  
 Showing the students the American way  
 To go through life as Americans do,  
 Respecting others and their rights, too.

A graduate looks back upon four happy years  
 Of freedom and learning, and, yes, even tears.  
 The tears fell when the time came to part,  
 And every graduate knew that now he must start  
 Up the trail through life with its joys and sorrows,  
 But fond memories of Pinkerton gave him courage for the future tomorrows.

SCHOOL MORALS

Christina Costas '46

P erfect

I ndustrious

N atural

K ind

E conomical

R eady

T rue

O bedient

N eedful

A ccurate

C areful

A mbitious

D ependable

E fficient

M annerly

Y outhful

WHITE CHRISTMAS

Phyllis Ball '43

Remember the first Christmas we spent together? How the snow covered everything its flakes could fall on, and the trees looked their best in their shiny, white suits and dresses? The sun shone brightly, making the snow sparkle and blinding our eyes. How we laughed when we had that snowball fight. I really think I won that battle.

Then, at night when the moon came up and the millions of stars began to twinkle at us—I can remember you holding my hand and saying how lucky we were to live in such a beautiful and peaceful country. Little did you know then, of the crisis that was soon to come, and little did I know. I was so swelled up with contentment and happiness, such a dreadful thing never occurred to me. Perhaps that is why I now look back at that "White Christmas" not so many years ago, with so much more appreciation for its loveliness.

God will be watching over you, as he is over me; and if he is good to us, we will be together next year. Let's look forward to a "White Christmas" in 1943, when once again you'll hold my hand, and we'll celebrate that beautiful day together.



## SILHOUETTE

Against the blue and scarlet horizon, rose a solitary steeple. As I rode up the hill, I felt a sudden splurge of love. I didn't understand it at first, and I wondered what had made it strike me. I was silent. My horse stood as still as a statue, and I sat as straight as a minute man, as if waiting for someone to tell me what that certain feeling was. I knew it was there, but could not detect what it meant.

Suddenly a bell began to ring—one—two—three—I began to realize the meaning of this love—four—five—six. It was the love for that steeple, standing erect and sturdy against the horizon, a picture from heaven that is not often witnessed by such a quiet admirer.

Down the road came an army truck, filled with soldiers. I knew that amidst such young men, somewhere, were friends of yours and mine, who need us to help them, to show them what they are fighting for. I realized that several of those boys came from Derry, and that some of them were fighting for their lives. Some of them left Pinkerton, left the building beneath that brick steeple that was backed by the sunset I could see so clearly, before they had received their diplomas, to go and fight for Uncle Sam.

The feeling within me deepened as I thought of these boys I knew, and a sense of my duty to them began to grow. They had the spirit; they have it now; and let's help them build it by carrying on to the best of our ability.

Let's keep Pinkerton as a proud symbol of freedom to greet those boys when they come home. Let's build up our morale and show those sparks of patriotism that are hidden within us.

Let us back them with stamps and bonds; let us gather those things together that we don't need—old keys, iron, metal, paper—and donate them to their proper places. We have it in us to fight for democracy and to hold our ground. Let's show the spirit that is in Pinkerton, and let's show our own individual spirit and help win this dreadful war.

In a few minutes, the darkness prevailed, and I turned my horse homeward. I snickered to myself, as I tried to place Hitler leading our chapel exercises, and the senior choir singing, "Heil Hitler"; but I soon forgot this foolishness and frowned at the thought of what the dictatorship would mean, and the things that we would have to go without under those circumstances. It was then that I realized how important our principal and the faculty are in our everyday school life. I thought of their efforts to teach us the higher standards of living and of our principal's efforts to make us as one strong fortress going out to meet the other fortresses that will gather together later and be one great force, educated to fight the threat of all kinds of evil, stronger in mind and constitution, because many will be working as one.

Let's stick together, friends, and see this thing through. Write to those boys, pray for them, and wish them all the luck in the world. They'll need it! Show them that we of Pinkerton are behind them, contributing our best in everything so that we will be victorious in the end. Back up Uncle Sam's boys, and "let's keep 'em smiling" while they grit their teeth and march to victory!

Flora Pickering '43



## FOR MY COUNTRY

The German supply column was nearing Sevastopol, the key Russian city and port on the Black Sea. The Russians were flinging their last reserves into the losing battle. Parts of the Red fleet were trying to relieve the pressure on the defenders. The Germans had superiority in the air and on the land, but what was left of the Russian air force in that sector, fought bravely.

Ivan Novorissk was a pilot of the Stormorik or Russian dive-bomber, attached to the 44th Russian Bomber Command. He hadn't slept or eaten for what seemed like weeks to him. He kept his small airplane in service every possible minute. "Every time he comes back," said a mechanic, "he has more bullet holes in his plane."

Ivan's squadron had been hampering the Germans for many days. They had bombed the supply lines and had been quite successful, but they were losing many planes. In fact, when they were ready for the next flight, there were only three planes left, including Ivan's.

They were ready for what they knew would probably be their last fight, for Sevastopol was crumbling, and the German air forces were getting stronger. Russian boats were scurrying about, trying to evacuate the brave defenders of the city.

Ivan's leader told the remaining men that they did not have to go out on the next flight, for it was almost certain death; but as one man, the remaining pilots answered, "We would gladly die for our country."

The planes took off and headed for Sevastopol. When they approached the city, a cloud of Nazi Messerschmitts rose to meet them.

The Russians dived down, down through withering white lines of tracer bullets, down through the cloud of Nazi aircraft that buzzed around like hornets. A Maltese cross shone in Ivan's gun-sights. Ivan pushed the trigger-button, and his eight guns crumbled the cross and the rest of the wing of the Nazi. The Stormovik beside Ivan burst into flames, but the dying pilot crashed it on its target.

Ivan released his large bomb and pulled out of the dive. He opened the throttle and headed for the sea. He was soon over the Russian boats. He realized suddenly that his motor was sputtering, and the fuselage, five feet in front of him, had a hole as big as his head in it. He looked down to see where he could crash-land.

This was when he first saw the German sub. It was only a shadow; then it became clearer. It emerged near a large transport. The hatch on the sub opened, and the crew prepared to fire the guns. They were going to shell the large ship. He thought to himself, "Unless I do something, that boat will be sunk." He had used all of his bombs and ammunition.

He had but one alternative, and like a true soldier, he took it. He shoved the stick forward. The plane shuddered and went into a dive. He chuckled to himself as he saw the officers on the sub scurry for cover. A machine gun opened fire on him, but that couldn't stop him. His speed increased, and the plane whined as it streaked downward.

His altimeter unwound like a clock. He couldn't miss now, and as the plane hit the sub, he whispered, "For My Country."

Frederick Ball '45





## Alumni Thoughts

### OUR SCHOOL

Half hidden by maples, high on a hill,  
Facing the rising sun,  
The school we love inspires us still  
To leave our tasks well-done.

The lessons we learned there stay in our mind  
Till the lessons of life are o'er,  
And after much striving with problems we find—  
That our start was through Pinkerton's door.

Let's all do our best to better our school,  
An old one with famous name,  
Always to praise it, let's make it our rule,  
And we hope all our friends do the same.

L. T. N. '31

### SOMEDAY

And if  
God does ordain  
That I  
shall be slain  
in some far land  
and die,  
leaving all I planned  
undone;  
I only pray  
some other one  
will do the things  
I might have done,  
someday.

Vincent Cassidy, Jr. '41



### PINKERTON ACADEMY

P inkerton Academy  
I ndustry  
N ever fails classmates  
K eep your study hours for study  
E arnest in work  
R espect those who are superior to you  
T attlers are not wanted  
O bedience comes first  
N ever shame anyone in front of the teachers.

A ct like ladies and gentlemen  
C haracter is what you are working for  
A lways think twice before you speak  
D o not make excuses to the teachers  
E arn your diploma  
M anners are always necessary, don't leave them at home  
Y ou can never accomplish anything without trying for it.

Virginia Piper '34





# CLASS NOTES

## SENIOR CLASS NOTES

December, 1905

The outstanding event of this fall for the seniors was the Corn Roast. The class wanted to have an eventful year and so arranged to have a corn roast the first Friday of the fall session. Of course, this being something new, had a campaign of unintentional advertising throughout the four classes, conducted by the seniors.

Friday night, October 5, 1905, the class gathered at Abbott's tennis court. The boys built a roaring fire, and the whole group gathered around it to enjoy corn, marshmallows and other refreshments appropriate for a corn roast.

In considering where the class would hold the Roast, they did wonder if anyone might try to "break-up" the party. They thought the boys in their class were plentiful and strong enough, however, so that any fellows intruding could easily be taken care of. They also thought that if there were any mischievous meddlers, the most natural place for them to look for a Roast would be in a more secluded spot. Thus, they held it at Abbott's tennis court.

Just as they started the Corn Roast, the Middlers barged in. These intruders were the under-classmen who wanted to spoil the senior's fun. The Middlers proceeded to throw water on the fire, and all those seniors trying to halt this despoiling of their party were soaked with water. They were, in general, having a "soaking" good time with them.

The interference caused the class to move all the food and wood into the school where they made a fire in the fireplace and had an indoor corn roast. A happy and eventful time was enjoyed by all, in spite of the inconsiderate Middlers.

December, 1942

We welcome Mr. Conner as our new class advisor, taking the place of Coach Clark who left the faculty in June.

The class officers for this year are as follows:

President	-	-	-	Raymond Hall
Vice President	-	-	-	Wanda Kisiel
Secretary	-	-	-	Viola Wilson
Treasurer	-	-	-	Frank Moynihan

### Student Council Members

Marjorie Hartman

Roland Pressey

Uncle Sam has called many of our friends into the service. Several of the boys, who were not included in the draft age limit, felt the patriotic urge to enlist so as to hasten the end of the war. Among these are the following:

Laurence Caldwell	John Howard	Robert Jodoin
Donald Wells	Albert Bocash	Ronald Allard



The Senior Corn Roast held new interest and fun for this year's participants. At four-thirty, Wednesday afternoon, September 16, seniors and faculty piled onto two hayracks and with much laughter and singing, started off gaily through the Village, on up to Blake's camp in East Derry. We, like the class of 1905, had trouble with invaders. The intruders this time, however, were a swarm of hornets who surrounded us just before we reached our destination. They were a hindrance for awhile; but we soon rid ourselves of them, and everyone was having such a good time, the hornet bites were completely forgotten. The class enjoyed refreshments and the initiation of new faculty members. The faculty and class returned to the school around ten o'clock, after having what was generally considered "a perfectly wonderful time."

#### Senior "Notes"

"This Is Worth Fighting For"	Pinkerton Academy
"Six Jerks In a Jeep"	Football fellows in Walter's car
"When I Hear a Waltz"	Mr. Conner
"The Army Air Corps Song"	Madeline Manning
"The Marine's Hymn"	Patricia Perry
"Uncle Sammy's Boys"	The senior boys (pretty soon)
"Amen" (Ahhh! Men)	Marilyn Dumont
"Fighting Son of the Irish"	Frank Moynihan
"Follow The President"	Raymond Hall
"Anchors Away"	Ruth Torrey
"We Did It Before" (and we can do it again)	Captain Pressey
	Patricia Davis '43

#### JUNIOR CLASS NOTES

December, 1906

In this issue of the Critic there is an interesting paragraph which tells about the Junior Prom of that year. (Incidentally the Juniors were called "Middlers"). This Junior Prom took place on November 23, 1906. There was a punch booth prettily decorated, and electric lamps (?) were adorned with various colored papers. A sort of Japanese effect was carried out, with the green and white class colors predominant. To open the dance there was a promenade which was about the same as our grand march.

December, 1942

So much for the news of the Juniors of '06, now for some news of the Juniors today.

After we became accustomed to our new room, we elected class officers. They are as follows:

President	- - -	Raymond Buckley
Vice President	-	Jacqueline Cassidy
Secretary	- - -	Lorraine Ninan
Treasurer	- - -	Thomas Caron

#### Student Council Members

Virginia Smith

George Kachavos



Bernard Dick, Charles Sing and Warren Bailey left our class to join the armed forces of our country. We wish them all the best of luck, and we hope they will all be back soon.

Robert Bover and George Kachavos represent our class on the varsity football team. Others out for varsity football from the class of '44 are: Raymond Buckley, Leander Burdick and Ronald Evans.

#### Junior "Notes"

"Way Down South In Dixie"	Winton Ralston
"When I walk, I Always Walk With Willie"	Pauline Duvarney
"He's 1-A In The Army"	Helen Scott
"He's Just My Bill"	Pauline Cassidy
"Margie"	John Filip
"Old New Hampshire (University)"	Virginia Smith
"Anchors Aweigh"	Lorraine Ninan
"You've Got To Be a Football Hero"	Glenna Cote
"It Was Mary"	Robert Bover
"Happy In Love"	Jacqueline Cassidy
"For He's a Jolly Good Fellow"	Mr. Stergios
	Elaine Pitt '44

#### SOPHOMORE CLASS NOTES

October, 1909

At the Hallowe'en Party the students came dressed as though they were in poverty. Games and refreshments were enjoyed by all.

October, 1912

Thirty years ago dancing was not allowed at Pinkerton, so the Hallowe'en Party consisted of games and promenades. The favorite promenade was the "Broom Promenade."

October, 1924

Although the Hallowe'en Party was not a costume affair, the students had an orchestra and refreshments as we do today.

October, 1942

Plans for the Hallowe'en Party, which is to be held on October 22, 1942, are being made. The committees formed are as follows:

	Refreshment Committee		
	Barbara Griffin, Chairman		
Barbara Gallien	Barbara Fowler	Nathalie Chadwick	
	Decoration Committee		
	Claire Dion, Chairman		
Joan Curtis	Elaine Latulippe	Claire Cote	Patricia Senter
	Areadne Katsakiores		
	Entertainment Committee		
	Gladys Hoisington		



Frederick Ball, Albert Booky, Robert Eddy, William Levandowski, Harold Moynihan, Albert Perkins, and Mike Demers represent the Sophomore Class on the football team this year.

The sophomore girls had a busy time making the bonnets and decorating a baby carriage for the Freshman Reception. The freshmen and new faculty members looked quite "pretty" in the bonnets!

The Sophomore Class has elected their officers. They are as follows:

President	- - - -	Albert Booky
Vice President	- -	Patricia Senter
Secretary	- - -	Gladys Hoisington
Treasurer	- - -	Frederick Tupper

Student Council

Robert Eddy

Claire Dion

The Sophomore Class adviser is Mr. Nicoll. We have seventy-seven students in our class.

Gloria Gallien, Patricia Senter, and Nathalie Chadwick were elected for cheer leaders this year.

Sophomore "Notes"

"Hey, Zeke"	Claire Dion
"Who's the Best Dressed Man in America?"	Mr. Hackler
"He's In The Navy"	Barbara Merrill
"The Three Little Sisters"	Patricia Senter, Joan Curtis, Gloria Monkley
"You're Dangerous"	Mr. Stergios
"Rio Rita"	Mike Demers
"United We Stand"	Sophomore Class
"Horses At Your Service"	Henry Spaulding and Everett Mills
"That Sly Old Gentleman"	Leonard Morrill
"You Belong in the Hall of Fame"	Sophomore Football Boys
	Joan Curtis '45

## FRESHMAN CLASS NOTES

December, 1925

The green "Freshies," as the freshmen were called then, were entertained by the seniors at a Freshman Reception during their first week of school. They were decorated with baby bonnets and bibs of yellow and blue. The class looked important in formal clothes beside the upper classmen. A few of the boys received a second welcome with more "duckings." The faculty arranged for the orchestra. They all enjoyed themselves and felt surer of themselves than they had since they entered the Academy.

December, 1942

One hundred happy, but scared freshmen entered here on September 8, 1942. They are looking forward to four wonderful years.

The Sophomore Class made us aware of our lowly estate when they put us through the terrifying initiation and duckings.



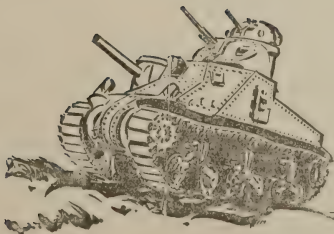
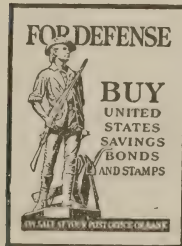
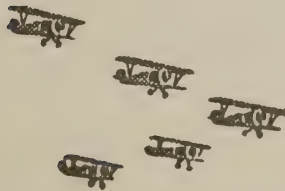
A more happy welcome was given us by the seniors when we attended the Freshmen Reception on September 25. We were decked out in pink and blue bonnets, and the traditional baby carriage parade was held.

We are certainly proud of our class in athletics. Raymond Thibeault made a wonderful showing as a varsity member of the football squad. The freshman boys on the football squad are: Robert Record, Charles Weterman, Wayne Evans, Myron Potter, Ernest Booky, and Lawrence Hayes. Theresa Gagne is the captain and Loris Crabb is the manager of the freshman girls' field hockey team. We trust in years to come there will continue to be as good a showing in sports as we have had this year.

#### Freshman "Notes"

"Who Wouldn't Love You"	Yvonne Bibault
"You're Easy To Dance With"	Erma Jean Gibbs
"Be Careful, It's My Heart" (man)	Shirley Abbott
"You Are My Sunshine"	Edith Simpson
"Accident'ly on Purpose"	Thomas Moynihan
"Smile Every Mile"	Dorothy Young
"Every Friday Night"	Vera Wingate
"I Think We'll Call It A Day"	Coach Malcolm
"On The Go"	Freshman Football Boys
"You Lucky People, You"	Freshman Class

Vera Wingate '46





## Boys' Athletic Notes

### TO PINKERTON'S UNDEFEATED FOOTBALL TEAM

When the bell in the tower pealed forth the news that another Pinkerton team had closed an undefeated season, the emotions of the old trainer were stirred to the depths. For two years he had labored, doing his small bit to keep teams in shape so that their endeavors on the field might be just a trifle more effective against their opponents. He had already shared the triumph of three other such seasons in football, and had participated somewhat in the accomplishments of a superior basketball squad that had drawn its schedule to a close with all the games won.

But this season had a different aspect to him. His old friend, the Coach, with whom he had worked for seven seasons, had enlisted to serve his country in time of war. A few of the outstanding players had also donned the uniform. It was doubtful if even a schedule could be worked out because of transportation problems. The outlook was dark indeed.

A new coach arrived and won the admiration and respect of the regulars immediately. The first call for practice was given, but the result was disheartening. Many of the candidates had never participated in a major game, and the veterans were few in number. But the spirit that characterizes all Pinkerton activities was still active, and the team gave itself wholeheartedly to the job on hand. There were no petty jealousies; all were willing to help the other fellow as much as possible; and all had the single thought that the winning of each game, in its turn, was the single objective. When the final whistle had blown, and the season was over, this attitude of the boys had paid its big dividend, and another undefeated team was the result.

There are several contributing factors that enter into the picture of the accomplishments of this year's team. First and foremost is the spirit of the boys themselves. They are the ones who won the games. Inspired by the confidence placed in them by their new coach, and remembering the ardent labors of their former coach, they strove to overcome the handicaps they were under, and each game meant a challenge to them to give their best. They did not fail.

The team was led by a captain who, in the opinion of his trainer, was the finest he has seen in his ten long years of service. He showed everything desirable in a leader. Humble, almost to a fault, he desired to be just a teammate to his squad; yet he was forceful during games and won many an important decision from officials by the manner in which he handled situations. Such captains are rare, and to him a great deal of credit is due for such a successful season.

Then, again, we must remember that games are really won on the practice field. The novice, who gives his best to help the first team becomes a better working unit, has done his share toward a season such as has just been culminated. He doesn't know much football, but he takes his bumps in stride, knowing that his turn will come in the years that lie ahead. He also has contributed much to the success of the team.



The trustees, in their generous and kindly support of the team, furnishing adequate equipment for the protection of the players, and the Principal, who has endeavored to carry on one of the oldest traditions of the school, that the principle of fair play in athletic competition can accomplish much, have contributed their share, also.

And so, the trainer, happy that his tenth anniversary of service to the school has been one of fond remembrances of such a splendid team, wishes to congratulate the boys on the team, and their coach, for what they have accomplished.

Harry McKenney

### December, 1904

The problem of getting students out for football came up in the fall of 1904. Football, a very active type of exercise, had been looked down upon by some parents as a brutal sport. Probably that was the reason why only a few boys competed for positions on the team.

Everett Cross ('03) held down the coaching berth at Pinkerton that fall. He proved to be a very capable adviser.

The team in general was inexperienced in football playing, probably because we failed to have the sport in 1903. Although the boys were not very familiar with the game, they showed what a group of yearlings could do when they held a strong Methuen eleven to a mere five points, in the opening game. The linemen put up such a strong resistance that they appeared to be like a concrete wall when the opponents ran their offensive plays.

During the season, Pinkerton Academy's red and white charges met with such teams as Nashua, Manchester, Concord, and Lowell.

The school was very fortunate in securing a field in East Derry on which the boys could play.

### December, 1942

Because of the present war situation, it was not known until one week before school began, whether or not there would be football at Pinkerton this year. Finally it was decided that we would try to carry out whatever schedule we could arrange. Soon a promising schedule of six games was arranged.

Thomas M. Clark, former coach and teacher at Pinkerton, volunteered to serve his country and is now in the Army Air Corps. This gallant gesture left the coaching position open. James Malcolm, former freshman football coach at Massachusetts State College, was selected to fill it.

On the first day of school a sparse squad of eighteen boys reported for the first practice. By the end of the week the number had increased to twenty-six. After two weeks of intensive training, this small number of boys had shaped into one of the fastest and heaviest teams of many years.

This year's schedule, as in years past, began with a game with St. Joseph's. St. Joseph's team had already played two games. We were an inexperienced team, with many fellows who had never before been in the starting lineup. The opinion

of most of the fans was that we were to suffer a decisive defeat. To the surprise of everyone, the score of that game after the smoke had cleared was Pinkerton 6, St. Joseph's 6. The turning point of the game came in the third period when Frank Moynihan, a new-comer to varsity football, slashed through to block a St. Joseph's punt. Fred Ball, also a new-comer, fell on the ball which had rolled over the goal-line, for our only score. The tie score of the game gave us our first push toward a successful season.

Pinkerton was greatly bolstered by the successful encounter with St. Joseph, and went on to an easy defeat of Traip Academy, scoring twenty-six points, while Traip went scoreless. The team really showed that they had something more than an inexperienced bunch of ball-fans on the team. The playing of Ray Hall, Al Booky, and George Kachavos was outstanding. Pinkerton played a new type of game, the aerial offense, with Willey throwing two touchdown passes to Captain Roland Pressey.

Through the efforts of Mr. Hackler and Coach Malcolm, we were able to fill one of our two open dates by a game with Howe High of Billerica, Massachusetts. During the first period of the game we got the first real scare of the season. Before we could stop the heavy, hard-charging Billerica backs, they ran up four first downs. We then took possession of the ball, and in seven plays crossed the goal line for a touchdown. During the course of the game each one of our backs scored at least one touchdown, adding up a score of thirty-three points. Twice, big, Billerica backs broke through our defenses and scored. The final score was Pinkerton thirty-three, Billerica twelve.

In the eyes of many people our next game was going to spoil our perfect season. Information gathered showed us that Dracut High had a very strong team, having won two games, with their score running high. When we actually took the field against Dracut, it was a different story. To start the ball rolling, we scored early in the first period. The playing of Al Booky was again outstanding. Booky, one of Pinkerton's best backs, accounted for two touchdowns and one point after a touchdown. All our backs ran free throughout the game, adding up a total of forty-one points against six scored by Dracut on a long pass.

Pinkerton's red and white charges met a strong Methuen eleven here, in the annual Booster Day game. Throughout the first half of the contest neither team was able to cross his opponent's goal.

As the third quarter came around, Methuen, a somewhat heavier team, was able to run back a kickoff to the Pinkerton twenty-yard line, and then through a series of line bucks was able to drive the pigskin over for their first and only touchdown of the game. The third stanza ended with the score in favor of the visitors.

Pinkerton was unable to score until the middle part of the fourth period. Captain Pressey caught a long pass from Willey, in the end zone, to set up the scoring stride. Joe Kachavos kicked the point, which set the home team ahead 7 to 6. Within the next three minutes the boys were able to tally twice and win the game, 21 to 6.

Kachavos gave a wonderful exhibition of kicking when he scored three points in as many tries.



The strong Pinkerton eleven rolled over St. John's High of Concord to the tune of 25 to 0. Blais set up the scoring drive by catching a pass in the end zone, during the second quarter. Captain Pressey scored next on an end around. Shortly afterward Booky intercepted a St. John's pass, and sprinted from the fifty-five yard marker to the goal line. The final points were added when Pressey went over the line after catching a pass from Willey.

With only two minutes to play, Coach Malcolm sent the second team in to substitute for the varsity. They gave a good account of themselves, by pushing their opponents back to the two-yard line. If the time had continued, the boys would probably have scored.

### IN APPRECIATION

One of Pinkerton's most successful football teams, the team of 1942, was feted by a buffet supper at the home of its new coach, James Malcolm. A very delicious supper was served to the boys by Mrs. Malcolm, assisted by Mrs. George E. Draper. After supper the team gathered in the living room and talked over past games and hopes for the future.

All the members of the squad wish to extend their very sincere thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm and Mrs. Draper for a most enjoyable evening.

Members of the 1942 Football Squad

### FRESHMEN vs. SOPHOMORES

On Monday afternoon, November 6, the fans of Pinkerton Academy witnessed an exhibition of good football and fine sportsmanship when the rival Freshmen-Sophomore teams clashed. Although the Sophomores out-weighed their rivals, the "Frosh" put up strong resistance. Both teams made several fumbles because of the mud-soaked ball.

During the first half of the game, both teams were held scoreless. After a series of plays in the third quarter, Demers carried the ball from the one-yard line to set up the first score for the Sophomores.

In the final stanza of the game, with only a minute to play, Levandowski threw a long pass to Spaulding who fell over the goal line for the second touchdown. The point was missed, and the game ended with the upper-classmen victorious by a score of 12 to 0.

## Girls' Athletic Notes

December, 1900

Previous to 1900, the girls of Pinkerton Academy did not participate in athletic activities. When basketball was first introduced, it became a part of the physical education program for girls at the Academy.

September, 1936

In this year, the girls' hockey team played a game of field hockey with the Sanborn girls, as a preliminary to the Sanborn-Pinkerton football game.

December, 1942

Today, the sports for girls at Pinkerton Academy are: field hockey, tennis, basketball, volleyball and indoor track.

This year, there was a large turnout for field hockey which was under the supervision of Miss Ramsey.

Class	Captain
Senior - - - -	Marilyn Dumont
Junior - - - -	Pauline Duvarney
Sophomore - - -	Gloria Gallien
Freshman - - -	Theresa Gagne

The Juniors were winners of the inter-class games in girls' field hockey.

The following girls were selected for the field hockey varsity:

Ruth Torrey	Rita Marquis
Irene Martel	Marilyn Dumont
Glenna Cote	Pauline Duvarney
Virginia Smith	Helen Berry
Claire Cote	Claire Dion

Areadne Katsakiores

Substitutes

Barbara Gallien    Gloria Gallien    Patricia Perry

Marilyn Dumont was chosen to be captain of the field hockey varsity.

Those participating in the tennis tournament are:

Pauline Duvarney	Helen Berry
Madalene Manning	Margaret Manning
Phyllis Ball	Patricia Perry
Patricia Davis	Marjorie Hartman
Rita Legendre	Grace Bibeault
Ruth Torrey	Virginia Smith
Glenna Cote	Areadne Katsakiores
Yvonne Bibeault	Wanda Kisiel
Rita Marquis	Aida Scholz
Gloria Gallien	Marilyn Dumont



## Humor

### VERY TRUE

This book is a great invention:

The school gets all the fame,

The printers get all the money,

And the staff gets all the blame.

Pat: (seeing Mike with his arm in a sling) "How'd you break your arm, Mike?"

Mike: "Well, I was riding along in my car, and a guy in a big car goes by me so fast I thought I was standing still, so I got out to crank the thing."

Dad: Didn't I hear the clock strike three when you came in last night?

Margie: Yes, Dad. It started to strike eleven, but I stopped it so you wouldn't be disturbed.



## THE PROPER THING

To the Freshmen : To be successful students it is necessary to conform to the following long established customs :

Run up and down stairs, several steps at a time.

Chew gum during classes.

Make all the noise you can, and disturb your neighbors in study hall.

Come to class without your lessons.

Bluff as much as possible.

Never take part in any activities.

In study periods play instead of study.

Have all the fun possible in class.

Never try to benefit from others' recitations.

Never study at night, waste as much time as possible on the streets.

If you are a Football Man :

The latest thing is to kill all the opponents you can.

Eat all the sweets you can hold.

Stay out late at night, and have a date every night, especially the night before a game.

If you are a Sophomore :

Run the whole school, for you know all about it.

Make all the freshmen think you know more than anyone else.

If you are a Junior :

Remember that the seniors are much brighter and have more education than you, and you must respect them.

But you are to be haughty and proud before the lower classes.

You need never have your lessons, because your teachers will shove you through on your reputation.

If you are a Senior :

Remember you are the brightest and eldest class. Therefore, conduct yourselves accordingly.

The seniors are bright enough to know the rest of the customs and latest fashions. Therefore, they need not be enumerated.

## LIFE OF A JOKE

Birth : A Freshman thinks it up and laughs out loud in chapel.

Age 5 minutes : The Freshman tell it to a Junior who says it's pretty good, but he's heard it before.

Age 1 day : Humor editors use it as their own.

Age 2 days : Editor thinks it is terrible.

Age 10 days : Editor has to fill in space in a magazine, so the joke is printed.

Age 1 month : Thirteen other school magazines reprint it.

Age 3 years : Monitors reprint it in "Lighter Vein."

Age 10 years : Seventy-nine radio comedians discover it simultaneously and tell it, accompanied by howls of mirth from the orchestra (\$500 a howl).

Age 100 years : Teachers start telling it in class.

# ALUMNI

## IN THE SERVICE



### ARMY

Ainsworth, Raymond  
Anderson, Everett  
Anderson, Lloyd  
Bagley, Norton  
Bartlett, Philip  
Beauchamp, Raymond  
Blanchard, Paul  
Borowski, Walter  
Boulanger, Bernard  
Boulanger, Clement  
Boulanger, Robert  
Boyce, John  
Byrne, John  
Campbell, Howard Jr.  
Chadwick, Roland  
Densmore, Clyde  
Densmore, Wallace  
DesRosiers, Ralph Jr.  
Dexter, Harold  
Dexter, Roy  
Dion, Robert  
Dion, Roland  
DiPietro, Harold  
DiPietro, Louis  
Draper, Frederick Jr.  
Duvarney, Leo  
Evans, Arthur  
Feinaur, Roy  
Gamache, Dorrell

Glidden, Lloyd  
Gonye, Leonard  
Gonye, Anthony  
Goodchild, Russell  
Grady, Paul  
Grady, Thomas  
Grinnell, George  
Gurley, Harold  
Hamm, Charles  
Hicks, Paul  
Howard, Thomas  
Johnson, Gale  
Johnson, A. Lansil  
Johnson, William  
Kachavos, Charles  
Kimball, Wallace  
Kuligowski, Henry  
Lamson, Floyd  
Langeleir, Laurice  
Laporte, George  
Latulippe, Leo  
Lavoie, Oscar  
Low, Richard  
MacDonald, Edward  
MacDougall, Clifford  
MacPherson, Francis  
Masellis, John  
McKay, Francis  
Messery, Joseph

Messery, Samuel  
Moody, Robert  
Morrison, Robert  
Myatt, Charles  
Newell, Edward  
Newell, Prescott  
Orzechowski, Stanley  
Patten, Clarence  
Patten, Samuel  
Pelletier, Leo  
Perry, Robert  
Pingree, Lawrence  
Rider, Arthur  
Roy, Alfred  
Sefton, Raymond  
Shepard, Alan  
Simpson, Ross  
Smith, Paul  
Spollett, Perley  
Stearns, Ralph  
Stevens, Russell  
Stone, Osborne  
Tangney, Robert  
Tewksbury, Nelson  
Thibeault, Paul  
Watts, Ralph  
Wood, Frederick  
Young, Peter  
Zoerb, Conrad

### NAVY

Barka, Ernest  
Bean, Harold  
Becker, Richard  
Berry, Ernest Jr.  
Colby, Clyde  
Dorman, Henry

Ela, William  
Evans, Paul  
Evans, Robert  
Gagne, Donald  
Gonye, Richard  
Gonye, Edward

Hall, Alan  
Hanf, Robert  
Holm, Bernard  
Holm, Robert  
Holm, Russell  
Lee, Wilfred



Levandowski, Frank  
 Levandowski, John  
 Levandowski, Paul  
 Levandowski, Stanley  
 MacWha, Robert  
 Manning, Harold

Marcotte, Albert  
 Martel, Warren  
 Mills, Arthur  
 Morrison, Jeremy  
 Niciejewski, Edward  
 Niciejewski, Stanley

Pelletier, Philip  
 Perkins, Charles  
 Shepard, Alan Jr.  
 Tetreault, George  
 Wells, Leon  
 Weston, Gail

### MARINES

Cassidy, Vincent, Jr.  
 Fay, Wilbur

Mitchell, Douglas  
 Romeiko, Joseph

Due to inability to obtain information about some of Pinkerton's alumni in the service, we may unintentionally have omitted some names. If so, we shall do our best to publish those names in our next issue of the Critic.



## ROVING REPORTER

### THE FARM HOUSE

Westtown, Pennsylvania

October 12, 1942

Dear Roving Reporter:

It is with pleasure that I read your well thought-out, well arranged and attractively bound school magazine. I forward it to others who bear the name of Pinkerton, who welcome it as warmly as I.

May the coming school year be crowded with good happenings for your Critic Staff, also for all the pupils of Pinkerton Academy.

Faithfully yours,

Frances Bell Pinkerton

11 Union Street  
 Waterville, Maine

June 2, 1942

Dear Roving Reporter:

Both surprised and highly pleased was I to get the invitation to attend the reunion of the Class of 1892, of Pinkerton Academy; surprised because, not having had an invitation to any exercises of the dear, old Academy for many years, I supposed that the younger generation had obliterated all memories of the Class of 1892; pleased because I still have pleasant thoughts of life at the Academy, and of what the experiences there have meant in shaping my career.

Since it is impossible for me to be present in Derry, I would like to make a few statements, and ask a few questions.

My wife, who was Mabel A. Morse, and a member of the Class of 1892, passed away on December 28, 1934. There were only two male members of that Class, Fred Eaton, and myself. I would much enjoy hearing from others who were in the Academy either then or at any time.

I have followed the path of teaching and superintending for about 36 years as follows: Fourteen years in Massachusetts, eight in New York state, six in Vermont, four in New Hampshire, and five in Maine. At the age of seventy-five I find myself somewhat superannuated, though I was teaching, and conducted my classes to Washington, D. C., in 1938 and 1939.

I am presenting to you, herewith, a booklet of twenty-five poems which I thought might be interesting to you and others of the Academy. I have written enough poems for four such booklets, also a book entitled, *Astronomy Made Easy*.

Again thanking you, and wishing the Academy and you great success, I remain,

Most cordially yours,

Henry H. Rice

U. S. Naval Station  
Corpus Christi, Texas

October 21, 1942

Dear Roving Reporter:

I was certainly honored when you asked me to tell the students of Pinkerton something about Texas and the Navy.

Texas is a very big state, as most of you know, and I have seen very little of it. If you can just imagine what New England would look like if you leveled all the hills and cut down all the trees, you would have a pretty good picture of Texas.

The only trees I have seen are palm trees. I have visited several small towns in Texas, and they are very much like those you see in Western movies. Most of the men carry guns on their hips for protection against snakes and animals which are very plentiful. Most of Texas is flat range land, covered with coarse grass and cactus plants. The cities are very similar to those in the Northeast.

It is very hot down here on the Gulf most of the year. It is the only place in the world where you can stand in mud up to your knees and have dust in your eyes!

Navy life is just the same in Texas as it is anywhere else. They keep us very busy. I have just realized that your high school days are the easiest you will encounter.

Since I have been in the Navy, I have been stationed with fellows from all over the country. The conversations always go back to the happy days of high school. I have found that there are very few schools that can compare with our own Pinkerton Academy, in educational opportunities, or in any other way. You students are very lucky, and I only hope you have sense enough to take advantage of everything that is offered you there.

Sincerely yours,

Gail Weston, Sea 2/c

Class of 1942



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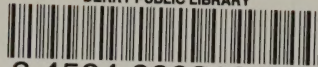
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